

Legends Never Die

by Pellaeon the 1st

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Summary: Commander Shepard, the first human Spectre and hero of the known galaxy, returns to the world after a two-year long coma. At first, everything seems perfect. But where would our heroes be without a galaxy to save? Rated T for possible bad language and violence.

1. Chapter 1: Personal Matters

Legends Never Die

Chapter One: Personal Matters

"Commander, what about Admiral Anderson? You two were good friends, and as common sense would have it, his body was never recovered. What happened?" Hackett asked, sitting at the opposite end of the table. The surrounding seats were filled with high-ranking Alliance personnel and journalists, none that Shepard knew, anyway. Outside of the large glass window to the right, it seemed as if regular life on the Citadel had returned, and most of the urban and industrial infrastructure had been rebuilt in just two years. It was surprising what a united galaxy could do when everybody had the same goal.

Shepard didn't feel particularly comfortable about discussing the matter of Anderson's fate. If he and Hackett were alone he'd have considered it, but to a group of people just here to gather information and observe — it didn't seem as if it was doing his legacy any good. Shepard, too, wasn't in the most pleasant of feelings, his headache was worse than ever — a side effect, the doctors said, that occurred due to the large doses of medicine he was now regulated on to ensure his body could heal itself efficiently.

"Anderson died shortly after the Illusive Man committed suicide. He

was shot, and eventually bled out. He died a hero of the Alliance, of the entire galaxy. And billions lives have him to thank for." Shepard stopped, looking around at the men and women rapidly taking notes on their datapads lying flat on the sleek glass table. The noise of the constant tapping and the quiet murmur as the journalists started conversing with each other during the silence. "Look, could we possibly reschedule this for another day?" he asked Hackett, nearly pleading with him. "Without the press here to publish every secret and classified pieces of information I give out?"

In truth Shepard had no idea what the entourage of journalists were doing here. But he guessed there was probably some regulation or rule that allowed them to participate to an extent in meetings. Sure, it wasn't as if Anderson's death was exactly classified. But Shepard didn't want them to publish lies, or fabricate stories with the result of achieving a fake reaction or response.

"If that's fine with you, then this meeting is adjourned until a later date. Hackett turned in his chair and heaved himself up, strolling over to another officer who had just stood up. "Arrange for another meeting a week today," he whispered, out of the hearing range of the retreating journalists. "Keep it hushed next time, I don't want the press spilling through like Mauna Loa's just erupted,"

The officer nodded and proceeded to pick up her files that were still lying face down on the table, before saluting to Hackett and exiting through the open glass doors at the very front of the room. Shepard was one of the last to stand up, placing a hand on his forehead as he did. Sitting in a conference room filled with journalists for four hours wasn't the best thing he'd experienced since he'd awoken from a two-year coma, but it certainly wasn't the worse.

"Shepard," Hackett said, beckoning him over to where he stood. He and Hackett were the last in the room, minus the security officer standing at attention at the door. "I know it's a little soon, and I'm sorry for the press having to be here. But hopefully next week we'll actually get somewhere without too much hindrance," they walked out of the room with the guard following them. The embassies were bustling as usual, politicians and bureaucrats walked back and forth, most of them leaving conference rooms similar to the one Shepard was just in.

"Yeah, hopefully," Shepard said, trying to raise his tone a little, though he was not in the slightest way feeling fit to have any more discussion. The admiral, noticing this, decided to change the subject on to something a little less personal. "The repairs have come on extremely well," he concluded.

"I can see that," Shepard answered, looking around him again. "It's just as it was, before the Reapers struck." The two stopped just before a silver metal banister with glass squares on the bottom. Both of the men rested against it, looking out at the traffic of skycars whizzing by.

"The most important sectors are completed, but we're looking to have everything finished within the coming years. It's not hard to accomplish much when a galaxy stands united. Most of the war wounds have healed, and the scars faded. But the past will never fully be forgotten, not with the billions that lost their lives."

"Then we need to make sure that the sacrifices made weren't in vain. This is something everyone surviving should learn from. Alliances, bonds, even family were formed in the conflict,"

"I only hope we use this as a means of bringing every species in Citadel Space closer together. The last thing the galaxy needs is another war caused by separatism. No one is prepared for a conflict that followed so quickly in the footsteps of the previous war. Regardless, we have you to thank for everything. Without you, the Crucible would never have fired. It took an entire fleet to stop Sovereign, and even with every fleet in free space combined, it never would have been enough."

"I never would have made this far without the brave men and women behind me. Speaking of whichâ€|" Shepard said, "my old team. What happened to them?"

Hackett, seemingly glossing over the subject, refusing to give it much though simply said. "I wouldn't quite refer to the team as 'disbanded', more so they simply parted after you were declared dead. Again. But don't worry, they're all doing well. Though I will say this, your pilot seems to be in a little bit of a situation,"

Shepard thought back to the final showdown with the Reapers. He destroyed them, along with every non-organic being. The Gethâ€| and EDI.

"I'll talk to him," Shepard said, now feeling a wave of guilt fast approaching. From there, he quickly altered the topic. "Your awakening from that coma was quite a surprise to everyone. Even the best salarian minds never once considered you waking up. It's caused quite a lot of commotion in the past week,"

"I'd rather my 'reawakening' broke in slowly. I wouldn't want every single news reporter crowding around my apartment. I'll just take it casual, let people notice me. I was never one for desiring publicity, anyway."

"You're a war hero, Shepard. The first human Spectre and the one responsible for the destruction of the Reaper threat. I'd say that's pretty big as publicity standards go."

"Well, you know what I mean. Intentional publicity. And on the topic of apartments â€“ how is Anderson's old place?" Shepard asked curiously. He hadn't been there since his last shore leave, two years ago.

"Silversun Strip got lucky," Hackett announced. "A few minor damages, but nothing a day's repair couldn't fix. As for your apartment, which I believe Anderson bestowed on you before he died, is looking in good shape. As a matter of fact, I arranged for a cab to take you there once we're finished."

"Not sticking around long?" Shepard inquired.

"I'm needed back on Earth at the Alliance Headquarters. The defence committee called an urgent conference a few days ago. Classified, even for me,"

"Surely that sounds suspicious?" said Shepard, rotating his head to the right to face Hackett.

"The Reapers may be gone, Commander, but that didn't end the career of the common data thief. Even on secure channels, we tend to take security excessively highly."

"Good luck with that," Shepard smiled, getting a feeling the conversation was coming to a close.

"I wish I could stay a little while to have you settled in. But duty calls, as it usually does. I'll be sure to contact you once I reach Earth. But until then," the Admiral held out a hand, and Shepard took it willingly, shaking it.

"Safe travels, Admiral Hackett," Shepard responded, letting go of the handshake and saluting, with the Admiral returning the action.

"You too, Shepard. I wish you well," Hackett said, beginning to walk away to where his shuttle was hovering, though he quickly turned back as if he had forgotten to say something. "Also, Commander," he called. "Don't try anything too risky, you're only a week out of a coma. And as per my orders, you're on extended shore leave,"

Shepard laughed a little. "I'll try, Admiral. Though trouble always seems to have a knack of finding me,"

Hackett chuckled to himself before turning back around for the final time and walking off with his security detail.

The ride back in the cab was a long one, around fifteen minutes in the current flow of traffic. Not to mention a crash which had blocked a tunnel and forced them to take the long route to the Tiberius Towers â€“ where Shepard's apartment was. Dusk had fallen when Shepard and Hackett were speaking, but now night had officially arrived. Silversun Strip was exactly how he recalled it from his last visit. The vibrant lights and colourful billboards, the crowds of partiers, gamblers and music giving off that special kind of contagious atmosphere. But Shepard wasn't at all interested in that at the current moment, all he wanted was a decent night's sleep with hardly any interruptions, though he was about to find out that some things just couldn't wait. The driver was an excitable little guy, and wouldn't stop talking about how he was gonna tell his friends all about this night when he got to give Commander Shepard a ride home in his car.

"Hell!" he said. "Maybe I'll just steal the car and sell it, it's bound to be worth a ton now you've sat in it,"

The car floated down to where the landing pad was, with Shepard raising his arm and activating his omi-tool, preparing to pay to requested amount displayed on the distance monitor built into the middle of the cab. But as it landed the driver waved his arm away.

"Hackett promised me something on your behalf. I'm a massive fanâ€| could you possiblyâ€|" his words faded into hopelessness as he held out a piece of blank paper and a pen, an uncommon form of writing these days. But Shepard understood its symbolism. Shepard had just received his first autograph request since he'd woken up. Most of the

patients in the hospital had begged him for one while he was residing in one of the wards there. But this was different, one guy was easy enough to handle, but fifty?

"Sure," he said happily, taking the pen and paper and quickly but carefully scratching his signature onto the white paper. The taxi driver just looked at it like it was some sort of ancient relic that no one had discovered before. "Keep it safe," said Shepard. "And try not to tell anyone, if you can. I'd rather not have hordes of people at my door by tomorrow morning."

"Oh yeah, I'll keep this safe alright. This is getting treasured forever," the cab driver proclaimed as Shepard started to move out of the car. He chuckled to himself quietly as he waved him goodbye watching the car soar away into the air and speed off in the same direction it came in. Shepard took a breath, the smell of food found his nose, and he was almost instantly attracted to it. "Hmm, maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to get something to eat!" he pondered whilst looking over at the various takeaway shops at the right and left-hand side of the strip.

In the end he ended up entering his apartment with a large box of noodles, slurping them up as he turned to flick the light switch. It felt strange to be back here, but in a good way. However, even before he'd taken one more step inside, around ten or more voices jumped out at him, all shouting the same thing.

"SURPRISE!"

* * *

><p>Though I'm no stranger to the trilogy, this is my first Mass Effect story. Please, let me know what you think in the reviews section. I'm open to criticism, but please, no flaming. All I can say for now is that the next chapter will hopefully be up soon. This is more of an opener to the story, that being the reason for its rather short length. But aside from that, I hope you enjoy this and what is still to come.</p>

Cheers!

Pellaeon.

2. Chapter 2: Reunion

Chapter Two: Reunion

There was a long pause as the lights flickered to life all over the apartment. Not much had changed, it was exactly the same as it had been the last time Shepard was here. Above the fireplace hovered a large digital banner with the words 'WELCOME HOME, SHEPARD!' spelled out in bold blue, white and black lettering â€“ the colours of the Alliance. There were little decorations here and there, small banners that drooped from underneath the overhang to the main living place, there were even balloons dotted around. But what Shepard was most surprised about, what really made him overjoyed, was the fact that standing up from behind the sofa and entry into the kitchen, were the people he most wanted to see right now.

Everyone who assisted in the last battle was here. Garrus, Liara, Ashley, James, Joker, Traynor and Tali. Even Wrex and Grunt had made it. For a moment everyone was silent, looking up at Shepard, with him returning the look with eyes of pure happiness. They were as wide as ever, and eventually they settled. That was when Liara made the first move of them all. She danced over and pounced on Shepard, her arms tightening around his upper back, and her head burrowing deep into his shoulder as he felt her start to cry. Though she emitted no noise, the tears were unstoppable, most of them soaking into his N7 hoodie. Shepard looked up at everyone in front, Liara still embracing him. They all looked a little heartbroken at Liara's sudden action, but in a way, it was a good kind of heartbroken. Probably being for the best to let everyone's feelings of sadness fade away first.

Liara eventually pulled away, her deep blue eyes looking directly into Shepard's. She looked a lot more relaxed and less tense than she did a few minutes ago. But the mood was still in need of some lightening up.

"Garrus, you want a tissue? I'm sure I've got plenty in the kitchen," Shepard said jokingly, smiling lightly at Garrus and then back at Liara, who, along with everyone else, laughed subtly.

"Glad to see that after two years your sense of humour hasn't changed," Garrus fired back, a smile appearing on his face.

"Some things never do," said Shepard slowly.

Liara hugged him again, this time not out of desperation, but out of happiness and joy. Perhaps the asari mind-melding trick worked, but Shepard understood exactly how she was feeling, and returned the hug with equal reasons. Then, all of a sudden, one-by-one, Ashley joined, taking the right of Shepard and Liara and putting her arms around them both. Garrus followed afterwards, then James, Traynor, Tali and Joker.

"The only times I've ever 'hugged' anyone, was when I was pit wrestling back on Tuchanka," Wrex proclaimed mightily, walking over with Grunt.

"Guys," Tali said quickly. "I don't fancy the idea of being the middle in a krogan sandwich," she had unfortunately ended up being one of the huggers at the very back, the back Wrex and Grunt were about to join into.

"Wrex! Grunt!" Tali blurted out before silence as the force of the two krogan knocked everyone over onto the ground. They all started laughing out loud to themselves. "It's good to be back!" Grunt said happily.

"Aren't krogan a little too 'hard' for hugging?" Garrus asked through laughter.

"That was more of spear tackle, Vakarian," Wrex answered.

"Yup, I'm perfectly fine," laughed Tali, who had taken the brunt of the shot.

The laughing came to an end when a loud 'ahem!' sounded from the

doorway. Everyone's eyes shot to the source of the noise to find a rather familiar volus carrying a square box that was emitting a heavenly smell. Almost at once every eye in the room darted to James, remembering his previous order the last time they'd been here. But Shepard quickly dismissed these rumours before they formed.

"This one's mine, guys. And I'm gonna be responsible, and pay for it," he said sarcastically, directing the last part to James, referring to last delivery they'd had.

"I think we're going to need some more food," Ashley remarked. "James can't survive with just one pizza," she then added, smiling smugly at James.

"I'm right here, Ash," James said back, placing a hand to his ear as Shepard waved his omni-tool and said goodbye to the volus deliveryman. Shepard, on hearing this, suspected that there was a lot more than just friendly insults going on between the two. "Is, uh, you twoâ€?" Shepard looked at them both.

"I'll tell you later, Commander," Ashley then said, and Shepard knew he was right in his assumptions.

"Well, now would be a great time to order that food we were just discussing; I'm starving," Traynor said.

"Food's on me," announced Shepard, receiving a lot of 'really?' looks and smiles.

"So you save the galaxy, get all the credit for it, and then try hog buying the food? Nice try, Shepard," Garrus chuckled.

"You've already done enough for us," said Liara. "Now it's our time to return that favour,"

"Hey, guys, it was all part of the job, the main objective," laughed Shepard.

"You're still getting paid for this?" Garrus said, looking up from his omni-tool, before walking over to a terminal built into the wall and bringing up a screen. "So, food. What's everybody wanting?"

"Just get everything. That way everyone's happy, and hurry it up, too. I might waste away here," Joker said, placing a hand to his stomach.

"'Everything', is quite a broad term, Joker," Garrus remarked. But he knew what 'everything' meant, and eventually another volus was on the screen, preparing to take orders. "Let's see, here. I'll take thirty-six double pepperonis with extra toppingsâ€?"

"Hungry, Garrus?" Liara asked, a surprised expression appearing in her voice.

Garrus turned from the terminal, a smile emerging on his face. "Oh, no. I haven't factored in anyone else's orders, yet. These are all just for James," he made the last part louder so as to attract James' attention, and it worked.

"Hey! I heard that!" James fired out, Ashley playfully giving him an elbow to the rib and giggling.

"Well, with that response," Garrus turned back to the screen, "better void those orders, make it five instead of thirty-six, please,"

Everyone eventually spread out while Garrus finished ordering. He seemed to be taking his time, or ordering a lot. Shepard suspected both as glanced over his shoulder at the turian standing before the screen issuing the orders for food.

Ashley was standing on the overlook with James, both of them looking down on the floor below. They exchanged a quick kiss as Shepard appeared at the top of the stairs, confirming his suspicions. He smiled happily while he walked over to the two. "So, you two together? Who'd have guessed, huh?" he said.

"Only took him a year and a half," Ashley remarked, turning around with James and smiling, before walking off and saying. "I'll let you finish the rest. Good luck," she teased.

"Oh?" Shepard sounded, inquiring to know more. "What finally made you muster up the courage, James?"

"Well, actually," James began, taking a deep breath. "It was because of you, really,"

Shepard, inside, was quite taken aback by this. Though his figure and facial expression remained calm and relaxed. "Really?" Shepard asked.

"Really," James repeated. "After you were, you know, declared KIA. Around a year and a half later we all met up in London where the main attack had taken place. We just wanted to get together, celebrate your memory, and all."

This time Shepard really was humbled by that comment, and smiled slightly. "It was hard, Loco. Trying to find time to fit it all in. But it was even harder when we knew what we were celebrating for. All of us would rather have had you there at our quiet little fiesta, than you being the topic of it. It was difficult, Liara didn't take it so well, and neither did Garrus. But I took some strength from it. So I figured when Ash walked through that night, I'd finally decided to pop the question. I thought 'what would Shepard do?', and everything just kind of happened from there. She fortunately said yes, and here we are, six months down the line."

"Seems like quite the story," Shepard said, not exactly wishing to say anything that gave himself credit. "But you two are good together. Just treat her well, and never underestimate her â€“ she can handle herself pretty well,"

"Oh, trust me, I've learned the hard way," James laughed, with Shepard following on afterwards. "Say, uh, how are you and Liara?"

"I haven't spoken to her, yet. That was the first time I'd seen her â€“ all of you â€“ since London. Granted, it wasn't how I intended to greet her and everyone, but I thought it worked out pretty nicely,"

Shepard explained.

"Oh, right, sorry â€“ mouth sometimes works faster than my brain," James seemed nervous all of a sudden.

"What is it, James?" Shepard asked, raising an eyebrow and taking a step forward.

"Just somethin'. I'll say when I'm actually ready to commit to it. But for now, it's just a thought," he replied.

Shepard thought it best just to leave it at that, and not continue to push into personal matters. Looking over the railing down on the ground, he finally saw that Garrus had finished ordering and had proceeded to take up residence on the sofa. He was probably the next target of conversation for Shepard, he was going to leave Liara until the very end. There was a growing feeling inside of him that it was going to be a long conversation.

"So, what actually happened once you made it to the Citadel. I heard Anderson anâ€œ!" he was cut off by Shepard.

"I'll explain once we're all sitting in one place. But it's a long story, and you'll probably suss me out as crazy by the end of it, with the things I'm going to tell you all," Shepard said.

"Hey, Loco. You went one-on-one with a Reaper on Rannoch. I'd say that's pretty damn crazy, Commander."

Shepard laughed quietly, before shaking hands with James. "I'll be here, if you need anything, Loco, it's good to have you back," James smiled, gaining a nod of gratification from Shepard, who gave him a tap on the shoulder before walking off. From there it was back down the stairs and over to where the two sofas and single armchair sat. Garrus was fiddling around with a datapad, and from what Shepard could see it was just as a means of distraction, he wasn't actually doing anything with it that was at all useful.

"And how would Garrus Vakarian be doing tonight?" he called aloud at the last step, gaining the attention of the turian. Garrus' head slowly moved up, directing his gaze to Shepard while putting the datapad flat down on the coffee table. The blinds to the large, gaping windows had retracted upwards, and now the vibrant light outside was flooding into the apartment. Six skycars whizzed by as Shepard took a seat on the sofa at the side of the one Garrus was on.

"Garrus Vakarian â€“ best sniper in the galaxy, turian war hero and all-around badass is doing pretty well. What about you, Shepard? The reawakened coma patient, and hero of the galaxy," he asked, smiling.

Shepard chuckled a little a Garrus' description of himself. "I'm good," he answered. "You know, I had no idea I'd wake up from a coma, then two weeks later be walking into my apartment to find this,"

"We'd been planning this reunion ever since Hackett called to say you'd finally woken up. Though for a start, when your body was recovered, they thought you never would wake up. It was a surprise to

us all to hear that you were alive, then the other feelings returned when they gave us the latter news. You know, those feelings, the one's that make you wish there was just one last Reaper left to take out," Garrus explained.

"Hey, I'm here now. And trust me, the last thing the galaxy needs is one last Reaper prancing around," Shepard laughed, trying to shift to a more light-hearted topic. "I assume all of this decoration was your idea?"

"No, actually. Liara said she was rather interested in that field. If it'd been my way, we wouldn't be here right now," Garrus answered.

"How so?" inquired Shepard.

"Well, I did have this entire night planned out. First, we go out on the Strip, do our separate things and eventually meet up at the casino's bar. Then, we'd drink so much we'd probably need more than a good night's sleep and a bucket to deal with it. And after we had danced the night, come back here for some relaxation time,"

"I figured the others preferred this idea?"

"Yep, so here we are now," Garrus then cleared his throat and blurted out the most inaccurate impression of Ashley ever. "He needs some time to relax, Garrus, Jeso. If we take him out clubbing on his first out of Huerta, we might as well as put him back in!" he then huffed and pretended to storm off in a style Ashley probably would have used if she rarely ever got that annoyed.

Shepard had been quietly chuckling to himself the entire time, he had no idea Garrus' voice could reach such a high pitch. But what was even funnier was when Ashley finally appeared behind him.

"I don't sound like that. Do I sound like that?" she asked, attempting to analyse her voice.

"I'd say Garrus made a pretty accurate impression, yeah," Shepard responded, with Garrus looking over his shoulder and giving Ash the smuggest smile ever.

"At least I didn't break down in tears in the CIC when you were evacuated from London," Ashley fired back. Garrus didn't take it as an insult, more so of something to make fun of even more. He over exaggerated a gasp and placed his hand on where his heart was, gasping further and leaning away from Ashley, who sighed through a smile.

"Ash, how could you?" Garrus said, pretending to be shocked by this sudden reveal. "Now the Commander's gonna know what I did in my spare time with his vids!"

"Wait, what?" Shepard said suddenly, turning his head to face Garrus.

"Oh, sorry. A little too much information there. But still, being back on the Normandy knowing there's little you can do while your friend made a desperate last charge towards a two-kilometre Reaper named Harbinger doesn't go down well with most. Liara took it like a

hammer to the chest. But she stayed strong for the majority of the fight, until we crash landed on this planet, that is,"

"She was distraught, Tali and I spent the entire night with her," Ash then carried on from Garrus. "It's strange, really, watching her break down. It's not something we often see, from anyone. But it's understandable why she did it, we all had our little moments in the aftermath. You should probably go and talk to her, I saw her walk off upstairs, you could probably find her from that,"

"Thanks," Shepard said, smiling lightly, getting up and nodding at both of them.

He passed by James once again and then walked by Tali and Traynor, who were sitting in the small upstairs lounge. "Hey, Shepard," she greeted as he appeared in the doorway.

"Hey, Tali, Samantha," he smiled and nodded at both of them. "Seen Liara around, anywhere?" he then asked.

Tali pointed to Shepard's room. The door was closed and no sound was coming from inside. "She seemed a little upset when she walked by us. We called her over, but she wanted some time to herself,"

"Thanks. Do you mind if I catch up with you guys later, maybe when food's here?" Shepard suggested.

"Sure, I'm happy with that," Tali replied.

"Yeah, that sounds good. Liara's more important just now," Traynor also said.

With that Shepard pressed a button on the keypad beside the door, and it slid open instantly, before closing shut behind him as he stepped inside. To the credit to Tali's directions, there Liara was, sitting on the end of the bed opposite from Shepard. Her head was down, and her hands clasped at her knees. She was sad, there was no other way to put it.

"Liara?" Shepard began, walking over and planting himself beside her softly. "What's up?"

There was a single tear running down her right eye, the one closest to Shepard. He wiped it away with his finger and gently placed a hand on her chin, lifting it up slowly to face him.

"I lost you once, Shepard," Liara began, her voice shaky and quiet. "And then it became twice. You'd think that after one time we'd be more resilient. But not me. It was like reliving a horrible nightmare, one which replayed over and over in your head. I promised you that I'd be with you every step of the way, Shepard, didn't I?"

"And you were, Liara," Shepard replied quietly.

"No I wasn't!" she cried, getting up off of the bed and pacing up and down rapidly, more tears " fast and unstoppable " flowing down her cheeks. "Where was I when you were back down in London? Where was I when you beamed up to the Citadel? Where was I when the Crucible fired? Where was I wh-"

"Liara, I understand how you feel. But coming with me would have put you in extreme danger, you could have died, Liara. I wouldn't want that, and nobody else was ready to lose you, either. It was my choice to evacuate you, but I didn't do it because I forgot your promise. I did it because I love you, because I care about you,"

She sighed and collapsed back down onto the bed. "I would have gladly died alongside you if I'd known what our fate was!"

"But it changed. Everything changed. I'm just finding it hard to accept I've been snatched from the jaws of death, twice now,"

"I am sorry for my reaction earlier, it should have been different. Instead I put a damper on what should have been a happy moment," Liara said, bowing her head, only to lift it when Shepard put an arm around her shoulder. "I understand," Shepard said. "But it's okay, now. I'm happy, you're happy, and the rest of the team is hopefully happy. There's nothing to worry about, I'm back now,"

"For good?" Liara asked, her eyes staring into Shepard's. "Promise me you'll never do this again,"

Shepard hesitated for a moment. He didn't know what to say. He could answer yes, but would he really be telling the truth? Some part of him accepted that he was the Commander Shepard; hero of the Citadel and the saviour of the galaxy. People like that don't usually make promises regarding their safety. But it was for Liara, all that really mattered just now was that she stayed in a positive attitude.

"I promise," Shepard replied, getting a sinking feeling in his heart as Liara rested the right side of her head on his shoulder and put an arm around his waist.

"Thank you, Shepard," she said slowly and quietly as they both reeled themselves in for a passionate kiss. To Shepard it was the best feeling he'd had since waking up, almost like he was in a paradise, where there were no worries or problems, just himself and Liara. Though to Liara this kiss was somewhat overdue, two years overdue, for that fact. But nonetheless she enjoyed it all the same, not breaking off and instead waiting for Shepard to pull away. Great warmth and feelings of overwhelming joy had now consumed the both of them, and at last they were apart â€“ both retracting at the same time. They sat there, hand in hand, staring into each other's eyes for a good few minutes. Shepard had always been mesmerised with the way Liara's eyes actually looked, they were an amazingly dark blue, and showed all the signs of intelligence, yet also the elements of gentility, love, care and compassion.

"C'mon, let's go get some food," Shepard suggested. He heaved himself up from the bed and offered Liara a hand in doing the same. She took it lightly and as soon as Shepard started to pull she fell right into him for one last embrace before leaving.

"I love you, Shepard!" Liara whispered softly, tightening her hold and resting her head against Shepard's shoulder. Shepard returned the embrace, placing one hand on her lower back and one hand on the shoulder blades, pulling her tighter.

"I love you, too, Liara T'Soni,"

* * *

><p>AN**

First off, I would like to say that this story isn't going to turn into some romantic drama, hell no. Sure, there will be romantic themes to do with the various couples in it, but that's not going to sit centre-stage taking up all the room. The main themes I do want to get across is an extension of the importance of friendship, and loyalty towards one another. There will most likely be action, and ultimately the main plot of the story will begin in the next chapter.

I hope you enjoy this - rather long - chapter of the story, and hope you stay tuned for more!

Until then,

Cheers!

Pellaeon.

End
file.